by the long forward pass and Roome's plunge through the line for a touchdown. Yale made seven first downs by rushing from the scrimmage, with the forward pass included, to four for Harvard.

The Yale players showed remarkable football knowledge, unerring accuracy in handling the ball and surprising speed and agility. The team as a whole was resourceful and played as one man. Harvard was strong on the defence in the main, and the men played well together as a team, and showed ability in diagnosing the plays of their opponents. Many a Yale man was laid low before he had got fairly started, while many plays well devised and well executed were brought to nothing by the quick, sharp, sure tackling.

The feature of the game, brimful of exciting moments, was the spectacular run by little Knox through a broken field for fifty yards. Burr had punted out from the 25-yard line after a touchback, and Knox, after juggling the ball for a moment, made a quick recovery and started down the field. Starr missed a flying tackle and McDonald was easily dodged, and the speedy Yale back went rushing down the field. Every man and almost every woman on the stands jumped to their feet, and pandemonium broke loose. Just when it looked as if some Harvard man would lay him low Knox would dodge or double and speed on, and it was not until he reached Harvard's 23-yard line that he was brought to earth. This dashing run, while not resulting in a touchdown immediately, did much to change the fortunes of the day, as Harvard was on the defensive from that time until Roome finally went over for a touchdown.

Next to Knox, "Tad" Jones stood out for his quick, sharp quarterback runs, in which he did some clever dodging. He did not make any long runs, but his work pleased the crowd immensely. Captain Morse played a sure, steady game, and Veeder, too, was much in evidence in the forceful and aggressive Yale attack.

HOW YALE AND HARVARD FACED EACH OTHER.

YALE (6).	POSITIONS.		HARVARD (0).
Forbes	Left End	Right	(Orr) Starr
Paige	Left Tackle	Right	Pierce
Brides	Left Guard	Right	Kersburg
Hockenberger	Centre		(Fraser) Parker
Erwin	Right Guard	Left	Burr
Biglow	Right Tackle	Left	Osborne
H. Jones (Alcott)	Right End	Left	(Kennard) McDohald
Tad Jones (Dines)	Quarterback		Newhall
Veeder (Wernecken)	Left Halfback	Right	Lincoln
Knox (Roome, Bomar, Linn)	Right Halfback	Left	Foster (captain)
Morse (captain)	Fullback		Wendell

Touchdown—Roome, for Yale. Goal from touchdown—Veeder, for Yale. Time of halves—Thirty minutes each. Officials—Referee, Lieutenant Hackett, West Point; umpires, W. H. Edwards, Princeton, and E. K. Hall, Dartmouth; head linesman, E. Ayerault, Groton School.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

How the Elevens Fought Up and Down the Gridiron.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

New Haven, Nov. 24.—The stands were well filled and the cheering and singing had been going on some time when the teams appeared on the field for a few moments' preliminary practice. The Yale men came out on the run and were followed a few minutes later by the Harvard squad, wrapped in crimson blankets. No time was wasted and the two captains quickly met and shook hands in the centre of the field. Lieutenant Hackett spun a coin, Captain Morse won and chose to defend the north goal with the stiff breeze behind him. Amidst deafening cheers the two teams took the field, Burr sent the pigskin sailing deep into Yale territory and the game was on.

The ball dropped into the eager arms of "Tad" Jones, and he was back like a flash for thirty yards when a mass of Crimson tacklers smothered him on his 40-yard line. The first play was a fake kick. Veeder dropped back as if to punt, but Knox smashed the line instead. Burr broke up the play after it had gone two yards. Then Veeder was called on to punt. Pierce went through the Blue line like a flash, and the Harvard rooters broke forth into tumultuous cheering when McDonald's crimson-clad form fell on the ball on Yale's 45-yard line. Pandemonium reigned a moment later when Newhall made a clever forward pass to Starr for a clear twenty-yard gain, Morse throwing the little Harvard end. Wendell hit the line for four yards, but Foster could only add two.

On the side lines the Yale bulldog had been watching the play in stern disapproval. He couldn't stand it any longer, and rushed out to the scrimmage line to nab a Crimson leg. Bill Edwards, however, wouldn't allow this new addition to the Yale team, and took him off the field.

The Yale defence had braced and Newhall dropped back to try for a goal from the field, but Biglow sifted through and blocked the kick. With a clear field before him and undying fame he juggled the ball as it rolled along, and was forced to fall on it on his 45-yard line. After an unsuccessful fake kick-line smash play Yale was penalized fifteen yards for holding, and Veeder was forced to punt. He got off a beauty for sixty yards, which Newhall caught, and ran back ten yards before Forbes laid him low.

Lincoln got around H. Jones for eight yards, and added three more on the next play for a first down. On the next play Harvard was penalized five yards for off-side work, and Burr punted. Starr was down the field like a flash and tackled Jones before he could move. After Osborne had thrown Morse for a loss Veeder punted over the goal line and Newhall fell on it for a touchback. Here H. Jones was taken out and Alcott took his place.

Burr punted out from his 25-yard line, and little Knox caught the ball and was off like a flash. Twisting, dodging and squirming, he zigzagged across the field. Time after time he seemed to be smothered by Crimson tacklers, only to emerge from the mass and onward toward the distant Harvard goal line. Thirty-two thousand persons were on their feet, shouting and cheering the wonderful Yale back as he literally fought his way down the field. Yard after yard of precious ground was passed, when on Harvard's 22-yard line the fleet Yale back was slashed to earth. It was a thrilling 50-yard run, and was a feature of the game.

With the Yale stands madly yelling "Touchdown! Touchdown!" Morse slammed through left guard for six yards, and Knox hit the other guard for three yards. Captain Morse then hit the line, with the whole Yale team at his back, for four yards, and placed the ball on Harvard's 8-yard line for a first down. Jones growled out a signal and the stalwart form of Captain Morse was hurled at the Crimson line again. It yielded a single yard. Knox was then called on, but Pierce stopped the play after a two-yard gain. Harvard braced for a final line plunge, but instead the clever Jones made a beautiful forward pass to Alcott, who fumbled with a sure touchdown in sight. Lincoln fell on the ball for Harvard on the 4-yard line. The west stand was a mass of waving crimson flags, and Harvard men heaved a sigh of relief.

Burr, standing behind his goal line, punted out to Knox, who fumbled, but managed to fall on the ball. After Burr had thrown Veeder for a loss, Wendell got the ball for Harvard on an attempted forward pass. Then Harvard "got going."

Burr fell back as if to kick, but Wendell took the ball and ripped through centre for fifteen Yards. Foster and Wendell smashed the Blue line for a first down, and then Newhall attempted, without apparent reason, an onside kick and the ball went back to Yale.

A minute later Jones got Knox's onside kick and was thrown by Foster on his 23-yard line. Yale rooters went wild and gleefully chanted the undertaker song. Jones made a dashing run around the Harvard left end for five yards, during which he fell three times, but regained his feet each time. A Yale man was offside, however, and Yale lost five yards. Osborne broke through and slammed Veeder back for a five-yard loss on the next play.

The Harvard defence was so strong that Jones decided to save his backs and called on Veeder for a drop kick. It was a good effort, but the ball went sailing to the right of the goal posts and Harvard men heaved another sigh of relief.

Burr punted out to Biglow from the 25-yard line, and Starr brought the big guard down on the 40-yard line. Knox went through Osborne for two yards, and then on the next play made a pretty forward pass of twenty-five yards to Forbes, who was thrown heavily. Roome replaced Knox, and the teams lined up on Harvard's 20-yard line. "Hold 'em, Harvard! Hold 'em! Fight them back!" rang out from the west stand, while the Yale followers in the east stand were singing something about digging a "brand, brand new grave." But it wasn't a dirge! Roome made four yards, but a groan went up as Edwards set Yale back five yards for off-side play. Roome was again called on, and got three yards, and then Veeder, taking the ball on a fake kick, ran five yards to the right and made a daring forward pass to Alcott. In a moment four Crimson players swarmed around the Yale end. Just as the ball dropped toward the ground Alcott leaped high over the heads of the Harvard men and seized the pigskin. It was a brilliant play at the crucial moment. It was Yale's ball on the Crimson's 4-yard line. Roome was called on for the first plunge. The two lines charged instantaneously, came together with a terrific clash, swayed for a moment, then fell. When the mass was untangled it was found that one long yard had been gained, and the crimson flags waved exultantly. On the next line-up Tad Jones called on the mighty Roome to try again. The Crimson fought hard, but Roome plunged over the goal line through the right of Harvard's line. A moment later Veeder sent the ball hurtling over the bar and between the posts, making the score Yale, 6; Harvard 0.

Pandemonium reigned. Hats were thrown in the air; gray-headed Yale alumni hugged each other in an ecstasy of joy, and on the sidelines the substitutes were doing a fantastic dance of their own.

Scarcely two minutes was left of the half. Burr kicked over the goal line and Veeder punted out. On the first play Newhall tried an onside kick, which Morse got. Jones made a pretty run of fifteen yards, but Veeder was thrown for a loss on his own 35-yard line just as the half ended.

SECOND HALF.

Biglow kicked off to McDonald on Harvard's 20-yard line. The Crimson end raced back twenty yards. Harvard took advantage of the wind, which was now at her back, and Burr got off a beautiful 60-yard punt. Roome hit the line for five yards on a "fake" kick, but on the next play Harvard got the ball on her 35-yard line on an onside kick. Burr immediately punted fifty-five yards to Roome, who was thrown by Starr on his 28-yard line.

Veeder got around McDonald for three yards on a "fake" kick. Then the clever Jones electrified the crowd by a slashing 15-yard quarterback run. After both Veeder and Morse had failed to gain, Veeder punted forty-five yards to Newhall, who was downed in his tracks by Alcott.

Foster fumbled, and a great shout arose as a son of Eli fell on the ball on Harvard's 35-yard line. Roome made three and Morse five yards through the line. On the third attempt Roome could not gain, and Harvard took the ball on downs.

Fraser replaced Parker at centre at this point. Burr punted, and Jones fumbled the catch, Starr falling on the ball on Yale's 50-yard line. Newhall tried an onside kick, but Roome fell on the pigskin on his 20-yard line.

Starr nailed Jones for no gain on a fake kick, and on the next play the wizard Yale quarter ran six yards around McDonald. Veeder then punted outside at his 50-yard line. Harvard tried a forward pass, but Umpire Edwards detected some foul work, and brought the ball back and gave it to Yale.

Roome was pulled through Fraser for seven yards. After Morse had failed to gain, Jones made it first down by another daring quarterback run. Captain Morse made six yards through tackle. The cheering in the Yale stand became deafening. Roome failed to gain on the next play, and Yale was penalized fifteen yards for holding. Starr threw Veeder for a loss, and then the auburn haired Yale back punted outside at Harvard's 25-yard line. Orr then replaced Starr. The plucky little Harvard end had played a good game, and was heartily cheered as he walked off the field.

Burr immediately sent one of his long, twisting punts to Roome, who was tackled by McDonald on his own 50-yard line. Jones tried an onside kick. Lincoln caught the ball and was thrown heavily by Forbes. On the next play Newhall tried an onside kick, which Veeder got and ran back eight yards. Harvard's defence was too strong for even the Yale backs to penetrate, and Veeder punted against the wind to his 50-yard line.

Harvard made no attempt to rush the ball. Burr punting on the first down to Yale's 18-yard line. Fraser made an execrable pass for the kick, Burr having to pick the ball off the ground. It was a clever piece of work on his part.

At this juncture Harvard seemed to stand an excellent chance of scoring, and the solid mass of waving crimson flags in the east stand was a beautiful sight. On the next play Orr nailed Morse for a two-yard loss, and on the following play Jones was thrown for a loss of seven yards. Yale was also penalized, which placed the ball on Yale's 8-yard line directly in front of her goal posts.

Bomar replaced Roome at this point. Morse got five yards, and Veeder fell back and, standing between his goal posts and slightly behind his goal line, punted cleverly to Newhall, on Yale's 35-yard line. Forbes and Alcott hurled the Harvard quarter to the ground without a gain.

Newhall showed poor generalship by calling for an onside kick instead of trying to advance the ball by rushing, as Jones secured the ball and dashed back to his 20-yard line before being downed. Veeder and Burr exchanged punts, Veeder losing only four yards on the exchange, due to the good tackling of the Yale ends.

Time had to be taken out for Pierce, whose ear had been torn and was bleeding badly. Bomar hit the line for three yards, but Yale was penalized fifteen yards for holding. With the ball on the Blue's 4-yard line, Veeder fell back behind his goal line to punt out of danger. En masse the Harvard supporters rose and besought their team to "block that kick." It was another trying moment for Yale, but Veeder was equal to the occasion and punted thirty-five yards to Newhall, who ran back five yards before he was downed. Kennard went in for McDonald, and Linn took Bomar's place on the Yale backfield.

Harvard worked a pretty forward pass for nine yards, and Wendell smashed through Erwin for three yards and a first down. The Crimson admirers were yelling enthusiastically for a touchdown. It was not to be, for Captain Foster fumbled badly and Brides fell on the ball. Here Dines replaced "Tad" Jones at quarterback.

With Foster's fumble Harvard lost her last chance to score. To add to this disaster Newhall fumbled Veeder's punt and Forbes fell on the ball, while the Yale stands went wild with delight. Wernecken then relieved Veeder and the undergraduates gave the latter an ovation as he left the field.

Yale's attack now became doubly fierce, and Harvard seemed unable to resist it.

Morse and Linn clashed through for a first down. Then Wernecken made a pretty zigzag run for eight yards; on the next play Burr stopped him for a single yard. Captain Morse plunged through the centre for eight yards and again it was first down, and the ball was deep in Harvard's territory. Wernecken was playing like a fiend. Dines called on him and he ripped through Kersberg for five yards, placing the oval on Harvard's 17-yard line. Again he took the ball and smashed the line for another five-yard gain and it was again first down with the ball on Harvard's 12-yard line. "Seventeen, eight"—— barked out Dines, but the referee's shrill whistle sounded, ending the contest before the ball could be snapped. Yale had again vanquished the Crimson by the close score of 6 to 0.

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GAY THRONG ON HAND.

What the Crowd Did and What the Crowd Saw at the Game.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

New Haven, Nov. 24.—The inhabitants of this town have been suffering for the last few days from a bad case of footballitis. It has affected old and young alike, and rarely, if ever, has it broken out in such virulent form. New Haven kept open house to-day, and the thousands who came for a day's visit were quickly infected, even if they had not already contracted the disease. There was a cure, however, out at Yale Field, which was effective as it was strenuous, although it had a vastly different effect on different persons. It left about one-half the patients in a deplorably weak and discouraged condition, from which it may take days to recuperate; it left the other half in a highly stimulated and excited condition, which found vent in wild antics and continuous uproar for hours, for Yale had beaten Harvard again.

The advance guard of those who came to see the long expected struggle for football supremacy between Yale and Harvard arrived yesterday. There were a good many, and they made their presence felt. It was as a drop in the bucket, however, to the horde which poured into the town to-day from points far and near. Two enthusiasts had come all the way across the continent from far-off California, and they wanted everybody to know it. They said they were going to start back again to-night if Yale did not win, as they had their tickets and would trust to luck for their meals.

Long before noon the specials from New York and Boston began to arrive, and the hundreds who tumbled out of the trains took the town by storm. Some wanted to see the campus "under the old elm trees"; some wanted to satisfy the demands of hunger and get out to the field before the rush began; some wanted to secure tickets for the game. There was no trouble in seeing the campus; there was some trouble in getting a square meal; there were all kinds of trouble in securing tickets unless one was willing to "dig" deep and pay high. "Here you are! Nice pair of seats in centre section, only $25 apiece." "Only!" one expectant buyer remarked, "Well, I guess I'll take half a ticket and share my seat with somebody else." The speculators who had a few seats to offer got their prices, for what was mere money to seeing a big football game?

Those who came on the later trains were well provided with lunch boxes and tickets and did not care about seeing the campus or anything else, except Yale Field. Yale Field was not easy to see, however, or, rather, not easy to get to. There were trolley cars, to be sure, and carriages, and stages, and moving vans, and "sight seeing" automobiles, and one and all were packed to a point that made moving impossible and breathing difficult. Walking was pleasanter, and hundreds walked, and they saw the field first, too, as the trolley cars labored along like a creeping infant. It is always so at New Haven, for a big football game. The automobiles, of which there were hundreds in line, loaded down with pretty girls and dashing fellows, could not have broken the speed law if the drivers had so desired. "Say, Pop, I could beat that touring car with my pushmobile," one youngster remarked, and he spoke truthfully. New Haven must still wrestle with the problem of how to get thirty-five thousand persons out to Yale Field and back again. It has not been solved.

The crowd was a happy one, a good natured one, out for a day's outing. It was only a question of time, and time was worth nothing if the field was reached by 2 o'clock. Almost everybody found his seat before the referee's opening whistle sounded, and those that didn't made the best of it.

New Haven was dressed for the occasion. Blue was the predominating color; it was right and proper that such should be the case. Huge Yale flags floated in the breeze from many private houses. The shopkeepers, with an eye to business, were less partial, and the crimson of Harvard was not neglected in decorating the windows. The crowd itself was color bedecked, as is always the case in college gatherings. There were plenty of blue and plenty of crimson, plenty of violets and plenty of red carnations and reddish brown chrysanthemums. The girls affected ribbons and flowers to show their loyalty; the men hatbands, arm bands and streamers. Almost everybody carried a flag—some blue, some crimson. "Get your winning colors!" was the first sound heard on alighting from the trains, and those not provided for in this respect got their "winning colors" without much importuning or bargaining.

Those who went to the field early ate their luncheon in peace and enjoyed the gathering of the crowd. It was a scene that once seen can never be forgotten. Slowly at first, but faster and faster as the time for the game began to approach, the huge stands, ranged tier above tier on the four sides of the field, filled up. It seemed as if the steady stream from four entrances would never stop flowing, and that a mistake had been made and there would not be seats for all. The time came, however, when every seat was occupied, and when thirty-two thousand or more persons sat looking down on the chalk marked gridiron, where twenty-two sturdy young athletes were in their places waiting for the strife to begin. It need not be recorded that the attendance was limited only by the seating capacity. The hundreds who wanted to get tickets and failed would have filled another huge stand.

The Yale cheering section was in the east stand, as usual, and the leather lunged undergraduates made noise enough to satisfy the old graduates that the Yale spirit needed no doctoring. The Harvard men were in the west stand, and were not behind the Eli cohorts in numbers, noise and enthusiasm. The rival camps had bands to help them out, and they sang and sang and cheered and cheered as if the noise making apparatus would never wear out or grow husky. Some ill feeling was said to have been aroused over the question of officials for the game, but there was no evidence of it. Harvard cheered Yale and Yale cheered Harvard, and the crowd applauded. There was little to choose between the two camps in the effectiveness of their singing and cheering. Yale has usually held the palm in this respect, but a new spirit has been aroused at Cambridge in recent years, and the undergraduates support their team with an enthusiasm that can only be equalled, not excelled. The cheer leaders on both sides did not have to exhort, but only mark the time, and there were occasions when they could not even control the wild outbursts.

Those who were seeing a big football game for the first time appreciated the singing, which was a decided feature, as usual. "Well! A Boola, Boola, Boola" was the favorite ditty of the Yale followers, with "Under the old elm trees" and "More work for the undertaker" as close seconds. "Fair Harvard" rang out from the Cambridge undergraduates with a force that was inspiring, while "Hard luck for poor old Eli," while not prophetic, was sung with gusto.

It was just 1:50 o'clock when the Yale warriors came running on the field, led by Captain Morse. The stands were of a blue hue, and a wild cheer rang out that bespoke the love and confidence of the Yale rooters. Then came the Harvard team, led by Captain Foster, and, as if by the magic hand of a fairy, the stands were changed from a profusion of blue to a brilliant crimson, and every Harvard man was on his feet with a spontaneous outburst of cheering. It was a greeting to a team which was expected to bring honor and glory to its Alma Mater.

There was some preliminary work, some running through formations, some long booming punts and then the officials and the two captains gathered in the centre of the field to toss the coin for choice of goal. Captain Morse won, the first bit of Yale luck, the Harvard men said, and decided to defend the north goal, with a strong wind behind him.

STARS OF THE GAME.

Tad Jones and Burr Earned Forward Place by Good Work.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

New Haven, Nov. 24.—In the line-up of the Yale and Harvard elevens were twenty-two of the best football players in the East to-day. All of them may be fairly said to be of stellar magnitude. Every man fought hard and conscientiously and ably in the game to-day. It was the strength of the elevens as units and not as individuals, however, that counted most in the desperate gridiron battle that was waged the length and breadth of Yale Field.

It would be unfair to select any one man and call him the hero of the day. Of those who shone brightly, however, Tad Jones, the Yale quarterback, deserves first mention. He played one of the best games in his career. It is true his work was marred by one or two fumbles, but these misplays cannot more than dim his other brilliant work. To Jones's superb generalship and driving of the team Yale owed to a large extent her victory. In running with the ball on trick plays and quarterback runs he was a consistent and even brilliant ground gainer. His dodging and twisting and general ability to "keep going" recalled the days of Dibblee and Daly.

Knox deserves great credit for the game he played, crippled as he was from the Princeton game. His dashing run of fifty yards after getting one of Burr's punts was easily the feature of the game and indirectly resulted in Yale's touchdown.

Captain Morse played an unusually strong game, both on the offence and defence. Wernecken was in the game for only a few minutes, but his line smashing was perhaps the fiercest of any Yale back.

Forbes played a good game at end, but was not up to his Princeton form; this was due to the slight attack of ptomaine poisoning from which he suffered in the middle of the week. At centre, Hockenberger surprised every one by outplaying both Parker and Fraser. His passing was exceptionally steady and accurate.

On Veeder rested the important duty of doing the punting for his team. He did it excellently, and was a worthy rival to the mighty Burr. In distance he fell a few yards behind Burr, but far surpassd him in direction. He seemed to have the knack of placing his punts where they would be easiest for his ends to cover and hardest for the Harvard backs to handle. Several times Veeder was called upon to punt from behind his goal line under the most trying circumstances, but he never failed.

Of the Harvard men, Burr played by far the best game. His work in yesterday's game will doubtless earn him the honor of a place on the All American team of 1906. As a distance punter he is superior to any man in the East. The only fault to be found with his punting is its poor direction. On four occasions yesterday he got off long punts after the ball came to him in a way to make a kick almost impossible. On the offence he opened up big holes for his backs, and on the defence he constantly broke through and smashed play after play before it was well under way.

Pierce, Osborne and Kersburg played well, too, being, on the whole, superior to the men who faced them. Starr and Orr played well at end. Both of them were fast, tackled fiercely and followed the ball well.

Harvard's back field was disappointing in its work. Foster and Lincoln, at halves, were scarcely of "big three" ability, while Newhall exhibited poor generalship and only mediocre individual ability.

Wendell played the best game in the Harvard back field. He hit the line hard, kept his feet well, tackled fiercely and followed the ball closely.

Yale used a number of substitutes in the closing minutes of the game, and all of them did well. Dines, as Jones's understudy, ran the team in a snappy manner and showed good headwork in directing his plays. He also handled the ball cleanly.

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TEAMS BREAK TRAINING.

W. T. Reid Says That Yale Won on Merits of the Play.

New Haven, Nov. 24.—The football crowd came and went without the least semblance of disorder or interruption of street traffic, without an accident of any consequence or any need of the police. Among the prominent spectators were Congressman Nicholas Longworth and Mrs. Longworth and Theodore Roosevelt, jr., who sat on the Harvard side.

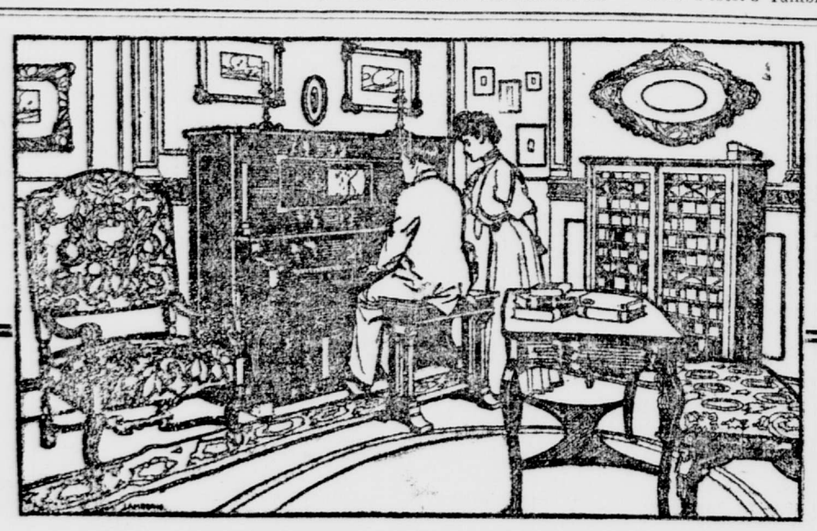
This evening the Yale men celebrated in many and noisy ways on the city streets. Both teams broke training. The Yale men dined at the New Haven House, while the Harvard players were the guests of Lieutenant Governor-elect Everett J. Lake at the Tontine.

The coaches and captains were seen to-night and talked briefly of the game. Head Coach Rockwell, of the Yale eleven, was all smiles, and when asked to make a statement said he was too happy to do so. "You know how I feel about the game," he said; "I'm perfectly satisfied with Yale's showing."

Captain Morse said: "Everybody at Yale is feeling fine; there were no injuries, and the boys did just what was expected of them. To say that I am pleased would be putting it mildly."

Head Coach Reid, of the Harvard team, made a brief statement, saying: "Yale won on its merits fairly and squarely. Harvard played the best football it knew how. I am satisfied that the best team won."

Captain Foster, of the Crimson team, took the defeat to heart, and refused to talk. He was so confident of victory, his friends said, that Harvard's defeat stunned him. The Harvard team took a late train for Boston to-night.



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